cates a sense of gratitude to their imperial brother for his prodigal favors. Caroline, the spouse of Murat, was a woman of force, and was more loyal to her benefactor than any of his blood, unless it were the giddy, light, beautiful, fascinating Pauline, who, though a child of the sixteenth rather than the nineteenth century, had a heart and showed it in great crises.

Pius VII was a disenchanted man. He claimed that the Emperor had broken an express promise in seizing the crown, and was silent only because the official journal called no attention to the incident. For several months he remained a suppliant in Paris. One demand after another was perforce abandoned. He had hoped to destroy the last vestige of Gallican liberties, and to see the Roman Church recognized, not as a privileged sect, but as the national ecclesiastical organism. His temporary secretary, Cardinal Antonelli, found in Napoleon's minister of public worship, Portalis, an adversary as learned in ecclesiastical matters, as polished, adroit, and unctuous, as himself, and spent his diplomatic arts in vain. Two small concessions were indeed made. The statesman promised to restore the Gregorian calendar, and the Emperor, with a half-ironical, half-superstitious feeling, dated the course of the Empire after January first, 1806, not by the Revolutionary reckoning, but by the Christian. It was likewise ordered that the bishops and priests who had sworn to the civil constitution should take the ecclesiastical oath, and thus return to the fold. In the field of temporal negotiations the Roman prince was quite as unsuccessful as in the spiritual. It was in vain that he pleaded the gift of Charles the Great, which made him a sovereign prince. Talleyrand replied that what God had given to the Emperor the Emperor must keep, but an opportunity might offer to increase the States of the Church. The